'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch,
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I,
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City,
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestrie:
In Iuory coffers I haue stuft my Crownes:
In Cipres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and bratle, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme,
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers
If whil'st I liue she will be only mine.
Tra. That only came welll in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good

With

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any o
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Pad*
Besides two thousand, Duckets
Of fruitfull Land, all which sha
What, haue I pincht you Sign
Gre. Two thousand Ducke
My Land amounts not to so mu
That she shall haue, besides an
That now is lying in Marcellus
What, haue I choakt you with
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne n
Then three great Argosies, bes
And twelue tite Gallies, these
And twice as much what ere th
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all,
And she can haue no more then
If you like me she shall haue n
Tra. Why then the maid is
By your firme promise, *Gremi*
Bap. I must confesse your o
And let your father make her th
She is your owne, else you mus
If you should die before him w
Tra. That's but a cauill: h
Gre. And may not yong me
Bap. Well Gentlemen, I am
On sonday next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to b
Now on the sonday following
Be Bride to you, if you make th
If not to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leaue, and tha
Gre. Adieu good neighbou
Sirra, yong gamester, your fath
To giue thee all, and in his wai
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a t
An olde Italian foxe is not so ki
Tra. A vengeance on your
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card o

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